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ARTFUL DODGES.

THE truth of the aphorism that 'Crime does not pay,' is so generally recognised and so frequently made evident, that one is almost tempted to wonder at the existence of criminals at all. For although it is sometimes said that the clever rogues are those who are never found out, yet it may safely be asserted that a career of crime generally leads to detection and punishment, whether the evil-doer be skilful in evasion of the law or not; and since a wrongful act successfully executed is almost certain to encourage its perpetrator to a repetition of it when an opportunity arises, one may assume that malpractices are more likely to become habitual, and to entail their just reward through the carelessness bred of immunity, in the case of clever knaves than of clumsy ones. Nevertheless, there seems to be some terrible fascination with a certain class of people in dishonesty for its own sake.

The ingenuity displayed in some of the instruments devised by coiners and burglars, often involving the application of elaborate scientific principles, and the patient industry and perseverance with which nefarious schemes are matured and carried out, are qualities which, in their legitimate exercise, would realise for their possessor an income beyond any gains that his unlawful endeavours can bring, even were these devoid of risk and not liable to failure. We read, for instance, of a clipping-machine by means of which the body of a sovereign is separated from the 'milled' rim which encircles it, a thin slice cut out of the centre, leaving the two faces intact, the loss supplied by an amalgam, and the coin then dexterously put together again so that neither the weight nor the 'ring' of it is greatly altered. One would imagine that the amount of gold thus obtained would hardly cover the working expenses; at best, the profit must yield a much lower percentage on the invested capital than what it would return in honest business.

It is surprising also to note what a charm small frauds have for people not usually included

in the criminal classes; and nowhere is this exemplified to a greater extent than in the passion for petty smuggling which seems inherent in the breast of travelling humanity. Men who would scorn to make an imperfectly obliterated postage-stamp do duty a second time, and whose integrity in all other affairs of life is unimpeachable, will plot and plan all sorts of cunning devices by which they may cheat Her Majesty's Custom-house, and will even spend more in 'tips' to elude the vigilance of the officers in 'running' cigars and spirits which they do not want, than they would have to pay for legal duty. Possibly the law's delay—or the delay which it occasions—may afford some cause, if not excuse for this; the weary waiting and vexation of soul attending the baggage-search being the most disagreeable incident of a voyage.

Marvellous are the dodges which have been resorted to in this connection. Stuffed animals in glass cases have exhibited, on dissection by inquisitive tide-waiters, a beautiful adaptation of the taxidermist's art to the tobacco-merchant's interests; weakened black and tan terriers have been enveloped with yards of rich, delicate lace, wound round their bodies, and, provided with a shaggy outer skin, have, in the guise of fat poodles, been carried ashore in the arms of their affectionate owners. Ladies' chignons and Spanish onions have formed receptacles for gold watches and precious stones. A list of all the things which have been 'hollowed out' with intent to deceive would make a catalogue as long as one of Messrs Christie and Manson's. We often meet with baser metals coloured or plated to counterfeit gold; but for the purpose of evading import duty, solid gold vases and other ornaments have been bronzed over and packed carelessly amongst straw in rough crates, like iron pots and kettles. Occasionally, through some mishap, these bronzed articles appear to have gone astray, masquerading through society in their humble character for a considerable time before their real value has been discovered, and meeting with many curious adventures. A

similar method of concealment, however, was practised with regard to gold plate in olden times, when the sacking of monasteries, and high-handed confiscation of wealth in all quarters, were in vogue.

Tobacco, unmanufactured or in the shape of cigars, and spirituous perfumes are more frequently brought to light from strange hiding-places by the excise searchers than any other forbidden fruit; and the would-be smuggler must have all his wits about him nowadays to effect his object. False-bottomed boxes are quite out of date; though a cage of innocent-looking pigeons from Antwerp proved on examination the other day to be thickly carpeted with cakes of tobacco, over which a quantity of gravel and corn, appropriate to the feathered occupants, had been strewn.

Mr Frank Buckland used to relate an anecdote of a traveller coming from America who 'passed' some hundreds of cigars successfully through the Liverpool Custom-house by placing a live rattlesnake in the chest to mount guard over them. Evasion of the law in this particular has brought its own punishment more than once; for men who have padded themselves with tobacco underneath their clothing have died from absorption of the nicotine. Spirits are rarely smuggled by stratagem, owing to their low value in comparison with bulk and weight, and the difficulty of stifling the characteristic bubbling 'clink' of a liquid when shaken; and the coastguard preventive service has well-nigh demolished the old trade of landing large quantities from boats. Certain jars or kegs, labelled 'Specimens—with great care—To the Curator of the British Museum,' have turned out to be full of the best French brandy, in which the enterprising naturalist to whom they belonged had immersed a few thin leather effigies of serpents and fish; but heavy penalties and reduced tariffs of duty render this illicit traffic far less profitable than it used to be. During the Civil War in the States, the sutlers were forbidden to introduce spirits into some of the camps, but 'preserved fruits' were allowed, until those delicacies assumed the form of one small peach in a quart bottle of whisky, when all such luxuries were prohibited. Looking nearer home, perhaps cherry-brandy does not always contain so large a proportion of garden-produce as the harmless reputation which that liquor popularly enjoys would imply.

An artful dodge came to the knowledge of the assay authorities a short time ago, and has caused them to modify to a great extent the indulgence hitherto shown to manufacturing jewellers in assaying the quality of and stamping unfinished articles. Chains with hollow links, and brooches or bracelets consisting of a mere shell of gold—such as are often honestly sold for what they are—would be sent in, the purity of the metal ascertained, and the component parts of the ornament hall-marked accordingly. But before exposing them for sale, the worthy makers hit upon the plan of filling these golden cases with lead, thereby increasing their weight a hundred-fold, and the profit realised upon them proportionately, making due deduction for the value of the workmanship, which of course would remain

unaltered. Though this is just as indefensible as any other form of adulteration or imposture, it is attended with the unusual feature, that in all probability the victim will never discover the fraud or be mentally the worse for it!

Some of the expedients which professional thieves adopt compel something very nearly akin to admiration by the mixture of cunning, daring, and close observance of human nature which they manifest—at all events, they appear absolutely respectable beside the brutal robberies with violence which so frequently occur. A gentleman with a valuable watch or well-filled purse or pocket-book is marked and followed. Very likely he has himself bespoken the attention of the light-fingered fraternity to the fact of his possession by the nervous care with which his hand protects it as he hurries along. He stops to look into a shop-window; a persistent fly—attached to a loop of silk—seems to tickle his ear; he raises his hand once or twice to brush it away, and watch, purse, or pocket-book is gone, even though the coat be slit to obtain it. 'Stop, thief!' he shrieks. So does that quiet young man who happened to be gazing into the same shop, giving energetic chase to some wholly unconscious individual a quarter of a mile off—very likely holding him until the bereft one arrives, 'to see if he can identify him,' and perhaps getting a small reward for his trouble! Should he be collared on suspicion by some ruthless policeman who chances to have enjoyed the honour of his acquaintance previously, he stands in but little danger, unless any bystander has actually seen him do the deed, for no trace of the stolen property is found upon him. What has become of it, then? It was dropped, three seconds after its abstraction, into the umbrella of a guileless-looking individual with the aspect and attire of a country parson, up in town for a week's sight-seeing and roaming in an unaccustomed manner through the crowded streets. But thieves, when pursued, have before now escaped with their booty upon them by the cool adroitness with which they themselves joined in the chase.

That laudanum and other soporific drugs should be administered for the purposes of robbery, one can understand readily enough, though, in all probability, the frequency and facility with which this is done have been greatly exaggerated. The quantity which is necessary to produce the complete and immediate insensibility we read about, would render a cup or glass of any liquid with the natural flavour of which the imbiber was familiar, extremely nauseous; while the only substances which can really represent the 'white tasteless powders' which figure so prominently in these tales, are intensely powerful alkaloids, used with great caution even by physicians, and not likely to be within the reach of ordinary pickpockets. Of course, it sounds much better for a man who has had the misfortune to lose his watch and chain, to say that his liquor was drugged, than to be obliged to recount the fact of his having casually met two or three jovial fellows, who plied him until he lapsed into alcoholic somnolence pure and simple. Granting, however, that opium or chloral may sometimes be employed in this way, what are we to say to those cases where the victim smells some queer odour emanating from a pocket-handkerchief and

remembers nothing more? Medical men do not find the administration of chloroform, ether, bichloride of methylene, or any other anæsthetic by any means so easy, where all the conditions are favourable and the patient voluntarily submits to the inhalation; violent delirium and excitement very frequently precede unconsciousness, rendering it necessary to restrain the limbs by physical force. Those instances in which mesmeric influence is alleged to have been brought to bear on unwilling subjects by thieves, are still less comprehensible.

There are certain churches in London where the body of the edifice is allotted to the pew-holders who constitute the regular congregation; while the galleries are free, and are generally occupied by chance comers, attracted by particular services or preachers. The collection bag or plate is passed around in the usual manner among the sitters below; but a churchwarden stands at each exit to the gallery, as the people are leaving, to receive such offerings as the occasional worshippers may be pleased to give. In one of these churches—situated at no great distance from the three railway termini which communicate with the North—an awkward man stumbled in descending the stairs, and falling against the plate-holder, scattered the collection already received—for the clumsy individual was one of the last to depart—over the floor. He was profuse in his apologies, trusted that he had not hurt the churchwarden, explained 'how it was' that he happened to slip, jumped about with a great show of alacrity in assisting to pick up the coins, and finally, with renewed excuses and effusive offers to make good any loss, if such had occurred and the amount could be stated, took his leave. But alas! if his feet did not, like those of Tennyson's heroine, set a jewel-print in the earth upon which they trod, they shed a jingling shilling and a sixpence upon the stone steps outside, and led to their owner performing his devotions for many a Sunday afterwards in the chapel of Holloway jail. Whilst in church, he had thickly smeared the fore-part of the soles of his boots with prepared wax, walked downstairs upon the heels, and by his ingenious manoeuvre had silvered his feet with the offertory!

Those who deal in precious stones or metals, whether in the rough state or manufactured as articles of jewellery, are naturally more exposed to the schemes of artful dodgers than most people, and it is extraordinary to see how, when they are equal to every stratagem that cunning can evolve, they are sometimes taken in by bold, blazing, naked impudence. Only the other day, a respectably dressed young man called upon a well-known firm of jewellers in the Strand and requested to see the principal on business. Shown into the private office, he stated that he had a valuable *parure* of diamonds, the worth of which he wished to have assessed, with a view to disposing of it, if he could obtain a fair price. The jeweller was willing to entertain the negotiation; and the applicant departed, promising to return with the specified articles for examination an hour later. He immediately proceeded to a diamond-merchant in Regent Street, where he represented himself as being in the employ of Messrs So-and-so—the firm whose premises he had just

quitted—saying they wished to purchase a necklace of stones of a certain value, and requesting that samples might be sent at once—no unusual or suspicious order, but an affair which might occur any day in the ordinary course of trade. Some necklaces of brilliants were selected and placed in a case; and the supposed messenger, with a confidential clerk in charge of the diamonds, took a cab, and were driven forthwith to the Strand. 'Wait a moment,' said the swindler, who got out first; 'I'll just see if the governor is disengaged;' and went in, leaving the clerk and the diamonds in the vehicle. The governor was disengaged, and consented to a private interview and consideration of the *parure* at once, the young man returning to the cab without his hat to fetch the parcel, which he had left in charge of a friend. 'Come along!' said he to the unsuspecting clerk. 'Mr — is at liberty, and will see you immediately;' at the same time taking the case of jewels from the other in the most natural manner possible, and preceding him bareheaded, with all the confidence of an inmate of the house, towards the master's office. At the threshold of that apartment he paused, politely holding the door open for the clerk to enter first, at the same time introducing him by name. The instant the misguided man had passed him, our friend turned, slipped out at the house-door, which opened into a side-street, and vanished, diamonds and all! Here, there must not only have been an intimate knowledge of the premises and the habits of those who were thus unconsciously made to do duty as lay-figures in the accomplishment of the trick, but efficient co-operation of confederates outside must have existed, or the spectacle of a hatless man, otherwise well clothed, would certainly have excited attention and led to arrest.

As for the substitutions of paste for precious crystal, there is scarcely any jeweller who has not been deceived at some time or other, and many could furnish the materials for a dozen curious romances of real life from the attempts at this imposture which have occurred within their experience. Some of the biggest rascals with whom they have to deal are the men—Jews for the most part—who buy up objects of value for the purpose of breaking them up, and selling the stones, metal, &c. which result from the process, to working gold and silver smiths for re-manufacture. If these individuals are crafty in selling, it may well be imagined that they are not over-nice in their buying. That they ask no questions of promiscuous vendors is of little importance, since they are astute enough, as a rule, to decline transactions which they perceive may possibly compromise them. But a gold article taken behind a screen to be 'tested' is easily made to appear as nothing but gilded silver, to any one ignorant of these details, by the application of a little quicksilver to one spot, and a contemptuous valuation coincidentally. One of these worthies had a pair of scales which had long been suspected, though they were used under the eyes of the customer, and had been subjected to repeated examinations without anything wrong being detected. At last, it was found that underneath each tray was a piece of soft iron, made magnetic at will by the completion of an electric current. This was managed by pressure of the

right or left foot upon one of two buttons underneath the counter; and so, although the balance of the beam was perfect, the operator could cause either scale—according as he was buying or selling—to descend prematurely at his pleasure.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XIX.—MRS TUCKER'S LAWYER.

'Now, My Lady— "Your Ladyship" you shall be to me, and to us true Devonshire hearts down-stairs. Now, miss—My Lady—we've laid our heads together in the basement here, and I, as bein' the oldest servant, naturally took the lead, and so we've made our minds up. Breaks my heart, it does, begging pardon for the liberty, to see you, deary, driving away in Sir Pagan's brougham, hunting after lawyers, and not getting 'em, covetous creatures! You're laughing at me now, for an old goose, and quite right too.'

It was worthy Mrs Tucker, the old housekeeper, who spoke, with what entire honesty and sincerity of purpose only those who have had to do with the waning class of loyal, old-world servants can thoroughly appreciate. It had been but a smile, not a laugh, that her words had summoned to the lips of that young creature, whose life was so solitary beneath the shelter of her brother's roof-tree. Now she rose, and kissed the kind old woman's wrinkled cheek. 'You have done me good,' she said with a sense of evident relief. 'I feel sometimes, do you know, as if I should go mad here—it is so lonely, and all I meet with is distrust.'

Mrs Tucker could not repress a little sob. At anyrate, that sister of Sir Pagan Carew's who dwelt in the gloomy Bruton Street house that had belonged to her grandfather and her great-grandfather, had made a conquest of her brother's household. Old Mrs Tucker the housekeeper had been the first convert; and every man and maid, born and reared in Devon, and vassals, so to speak, to the broken-down, ever-honoured House of Carew, would have faced the ordeals of fire and water, on what seemed to be the losing side. James in shabby livery, Bob and Tom in the stables, were willing any day to tuck up their dingy cuffs and try fistic conclusions with the magnificent powdered footmen of Leominster House that their fair candidate was the true one, and the reigning sovereign a counterfeit. 'Kep' out of her rights!' The very phrase was enough to appeal to that honest, thoroughly natural and human hatred of injustice which is the most sincerely felt among the lower and the less taught classes, which has been the stock-in-trade of many an impostor, which made Cade master of London, and to this hour flings a sentimental halo around the Man in the Iron Mask.

'Now, My Lady,' resumed Mrs Tucker, 'we've

been turning the matter over; and James, which his uncle Guppy was a master-builder at Heavitree near Exeter, and Susan, whose stepfather keeps the *Bull* at Sidmouth, have said what they thought; and two very tidy legal gentlemen, I am sure, they knew of. But all agreed that my lawyer—Lawyer Sterling—see how he behaved about my poor husband Stephen Tucker's bit o' property; and what a jewel of a man he proved to my poor only son Ned, that died out in Guate-Guava there. I never can pronounce the name of it, but it's a hot place in South America, where the sun is always like the kitchen-fire, and where my poor boy was mining-engineer, and sickened of broken-heart and yellow-fever. It was owing to Mr Sterling that he died in peace and comfort, so he wrote me with his own shaky hand—that used to be so firm—because of the remittances; for they had clapped him into prison, the Dons had—so he said—because he was an Englishman and a foreigner; and his employers had run away, and the water couldn't be pumped out—and so the rest of my poor husband's money made his latter end comfortable, My Lady!' summed up old Tucker, wiping her eyes.

The gist of the old housekeeper's well-meant advice was, as was presently discerned, that there lived in London a very sensible, kind, and honest solicitor, learned in the law, whose name was Sterling, whose reputation was high, 'though he's one of us, miss, only by the mother's side, which she was a Wharton, of Clovelly; and if that isn't a Devonshire woman, what is!' explained Mrs Tucker, commencing in a deprecating fashion, and ending triumphantly; 'for, otherwise, Mr Sterling is a Yorkshireman. Chancery Lane he lives in, and both North and South go to him; and if he can help 'em, he does do it.'

Such good advice was not to be slighted; though the timid offer which followed—'And as lawyers must be paid, if seventy-nine pounds that I have saved, my dear young lady, in your mother's service, would'—was of course gratefully declined.

The lady of whom we are speaking had not allowed herself to be discomfited by the failure of her attempts to influence Mr Pontifex and Messrs Hawke and Heronshaw. She had made her poor little forays into legal quarters, and had always been sent empty away. One solicitor would, very properly, accept no client without a formal introduction. Another, perhaps still more properly, wanted a thousand pounds paid down as a preliminary, before entertaining the idea of so difficult and costly a suit. It was with repugnance that she had consulted her brother's attorney, Mr Wickett, against whom, somehow, she had been prejudiced from the first, and who transacted business in very splendid, not to say flashy chambers, all gilding, plate-glass, mirrors, and silken furniture, with champagne at hand for jovial clients, and curaçoa and cherry-brandy to brace the nerves of timid or rickety clients. The rooms themselves were in no obscure court of the Temple or of the Inns, but in a conspicuous West-end thoroughfare, crowded every day, and had been originally fitted up by a thriving money-lender, who had since

then retired on his gains. Mr Wickett the sporting lawyer had been less respectful than any of the other attorneys with whom Sir Pagan's sister had sought audience.

'It won't do,' he said, standing, with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and his varnished boots and corded riding-trousers a good deal apart. Mr Wickett may never have mounted any courser more rampant than the Hampstead donkeys of his boyhood, but he thought to please his clients, and perhaps impressed his own imagination, by dressing as though his life had been spent on Newmarket Heath and in the saddle. 'It won't do,' pursued Mr Wickett; 'it won't wash!'

'I beg your pardon; I am afraid'—his would-be client had said, a little of indignant colour mantling in her pale cheek; for the tone and bearing of this vain, coarse, little bantam-cock of a sporting solicitor seemed to her insufferable.

'I told your brother, Sir Pagan, yesterday, Miss Carew,' explained the lawyer, 'that I was quite willing to give you a chance—to put you in the witness-box, as it were, and let you tell your own story your own way, just to see what sort of a figure you would cut in court, perhaps with Sinister, Q.C., to cross-examine—or Ferret. Yes; I should say, Ferret is the best, when it's a lady who is on her oath, because he'll get a laugh from the jury, and'—

'Excuse me, sir,' the applicant had said, rising hastily from her seat. 'I gather from what you say that you disbelieve'—Her voice trembled with anger, agitation, shame—so Mr Wickett judged, and he did not think well of her. Perhaps what he had seen of women did not predispose him to think well of them. He shook his head.

'My belief, or the contrary, matters very little, madam,' he said drily. 'The question is, what you can get twelve good men and true in a box to believe; and my lord in his horsechair to believe; and then the bigwigs of the Court of Appeal, and the rest. My own idea is that the whole affair must end in a break-down. It may cost money—say five thousand, more likely ten—if you stick to it, and the shiners are forthcoming; but the result will be the same anyhow. You haven't the ghost of a chance. If you had, for Sir Pagan's sake I'd have a shy at it; but indeed the oracle won't work—it won't, I assure you.'

It was but cold comfort that was to be derived from Mr Wickett, whose chambers his visitor left with a swelling heart, and the awkward conviction that she had been coarsely told that she was, not an impostor merely, but a self-convicted cheat. It was not for some days after that interview that she could muster courage enough to resume her search for a legal champion. Nor, perhaps, would she have done so then, save for Mrs Tucker the housekeeper and her kindly counsel. As it was, she shook off the listlessness that was creeping over her more and more; and in the battered brougham that was now entirely set aside for her use, repaired to Mr Sterling's chambers in Chancery Lane.

Mr Sterling was not at all, corporeally speaking, what the applicant had expected to find. The housekeeper had described him as a York-

shireman; and that is a word which to southern ears usually conjures up the image of a hale, burly, well-grown individual. Whereas, Mr Sterling was a little, hatchet-faced man, with thin cheeks, a parchment complexion, and a dull dead eye—perhaps the most disappointing lawyer to look at that ever a client smarting under wrongs encountered.

Sir Pagan's sister told her story. She did not tell it well. She was angry with herself, and vexed with herself, because she told it so ill. It had been a lame tale, lamely told; and so she felt. Whether her statement were false or true, matters nothing as to her mode of making it. She bore up ill against misfortune, howsoever deserved, and the weeks spent beneath her brother's roof, and perforce without female companionship, had had their effect upon her nerves. The Carew girls, in Devonshire, had always borne the reputation of having the tempers of angels. They had been two bright, gentle, young things, welcomed as summer sunshine at the thresholds of damp cottages and moorland farms. Now, she who dwelt in her brother's house in Bruton Street had grown silent and sad, and the blue eyes were wont to look sometimes as though they could flash on occasion. She seemed less beautiful, because less animated than usual, as she told her tale to this dull little lawyer.

Presently, the dead dim eye that had damped the hopes of many a sanguine client began to brighten. A little colour came into the parchment cheeks. The whole face assumed a look of virile strength and intelligence that transformed it; just as when, over a leaden-coloured sea, the sun breaks gloriously through envious clouds, and every tiny wavelet sparkles in the broad gold path that is flung across the deep.

'I think, now, that I begin to see it,' he said, more to himself than to his visitor; and then, much to the surprise of the latter, the light died out of his eyes, the flush faded from his face, and he became more thoughtful than before, and seemed really to forget that he was not alone in the room. The girl watched him anxiously with a beating heart; but as his reverie continued, she could not help thinking that he was, in spite of excellent Mrs Tucker's commendations, a very unsatisfactory sort of adviser. The other attorneys, though they would not befriend her, did at least impress her. Even their offices, including that flashy mine wherein Mr Wickett of sporting celebrity ground his clients' bones to make his bread, had seemed more imposing than did the room in which Mr Sterling sat among his books.

Meanwhile the lawyer, after his period of meditation, lifted up his thoughtful face and confronted his client. 'I must ask you, if you please, kindly to make indulgence for me,' said Mr Sterling, in a subdued but steady tone; 'nor do I know that I had ever such a request to address to a client before. Nor, in all the course of my professional career, has a case come before me as difficult, perplexed, and complicated as that which lies before me now. Mrs Tucker is a worthy woman, and has often testified to her loyalty to the ancient race from which you spring. I myself am, on the mother's side, a Devon man, and I know how high is yet in Devonshire the name of Carew. This would of itself predispose

me to help you, if I could. And I have always helped, to the best of my poor powers, those who were suffering from injustice; too much of which, through weakness, credulity, ignorance, on one side, through fraud and violence on the other, is yet rampant in the world.—You don't,' he added, sadly shaking his head, 'think much of me.'

And in truth the claimant of the Leominster coronet had not been disposed to think much of Mr Sterling. We are all of us so very much inclined to judge by externals. A big man, if he be but gifted by nature with average brains and energy and tact, has, if he did but know it, a clear start in life, when contrasted with those who are of lesser stature. Unless he be transparently a fool, he is credited with sense; and if not absurdly weak-kneed, he has at least the reputation of being willing and able to fight. But poor Lawyer Sterling was a mean-looking, feeble, little fellow; and it was only by a great mental effort that a feminine client could dream of him as a knight capable of laying lance in rest for her. And yet Mr Sterling had his merits. His pale face could redden, his dim eye could glow, as if every pulse that chivalry ever set in motion were throbbing in that shrunken body of his—the man seemed ennobled by the feelings that swelled his narrow little chest. I doubt if, in the old ordeal of wager of battle, poor little Mr Sterling would not have lost his saddle before the spear of the veriest knightly scoundrel that ever, after solemn oaths, set spurs to his horse to back a lying accusation. But I am sure that the brave little man would have done his puny best, like wounded Wilfrid of Ivanhoe when facing the fierce Templar to save Rebecca from the stake.

Something, some thought of higher respect for the man, in spite of his low stature and his pinched face, moved the fair client to a hasty response. 'You mistake me, sir. What I long for is a friend who can rescue me from this false, cruel position. I have been robbed of all—accused of all—and, and'—

'I understand your meaning, madam,' said Mr Sterling promptly, but very gently. 'False indeed, and cruel indeed, would be your position, if matters are as I am inclined to think. You must excuse me, however, if I ask a little time for deliberation. Give me time.'

The girl started. A tell-tale blush suffused her face. Those were her own words. It was the very plea which she had urged when deferring her acceptance of Madame de Lalouve's proffered aid.

Mr Sterling saw the blush, and misconstrued it. 'Do not mistake my meaning,' he said. 'This is a very difficult case, and the litigation may be ruinous. I am not one of those lawyers who tell suitors, as many of my brethren very properly do, that the victory is to the longest purse. I believe that, in spite of the proverbial bandage that Justice wears over those bright eyes of hers, the magic scales do incline, somehow, on the side where Truth is. I believe that the glaive of Justice falls upon the guilty neck. I do believe, indeed, that we are not utterly forsaken, and that there is a God who judges the earth. Only give me a little time—it is all I ask—for thought and for inquiry into this matter; and I assure you,

madam, that you could find no sincerer friend than William Sterling.'

It was with a lighter heart than usual that Sir Pagan's sister went back to her brother's dreary house in Bruton Street that day.

THE LAWS OF CHANCE.

BY W. STEADMAN ALDIS.

IN THREE PARTS.—I. GAMES AND LOTTERIES.

WE have it on very high authority, that in human affairs 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but *time and chance* happeneth to them all.'

There are many events in the daily life of each of us which, as far as we can see, come to pass in accordance with no rule, and the occurrence of which, in default of any better method of explanation, we put down to chance. This is true not only of unimportant and trifling matters, but even of some things which are of very weighty import and influence on our lives. By chance, apparently, we turn down one street instead of another, and meet with news, good or ill, which alters the whole course of our lives. By chance, apparently, we pass into a den of fever, and contract a disease which cripples us for months or years. By chance the gold-miner stumbles on a nugget which makes him a rich man. There are men who are so impressed with the power of chance, that they attribute the existence of all that is, and the occurrence of all events, to its operation. The old Greeks maintained that while skill had some share, yet Fortune was the deity which had the greatest part in the successes of statesmen and the victories of generals; and some modern sceptics have held that to chance is to be ascribed the formation of the terrestrial universe and all the life which inhabits and adorns it.

The believer in a Providence that overrules events both small and great, has, of course, no room left for belief that *anything* really happens by chance; but to all, the expression is a convenient one in relation to the occurrence of events as yet undecided, concerning which we have no certain knowledge one way or the other.

In considering the possibility, or the reverse, of the occurrence of some future event, we are all aware that we are capable of entertaining very different kinds of anticipation, according to what we call the likelihood or unlikelihood of the event. This statement will be best illustrated by comparing a series of assertions such as the following:

It is impossible for a man to get to the moon.

It is very improbable that it shall be fine during the whole of this month.

It is improbable that the train will be in time.

It is just possible that it may be punctual.

It is not unlikely that it will be late.

It is likely to rain to-day.

It is very probable that it will rain some day this week.

It is almost certain to rain before the end of the month.

Here we have a number of expressions of the state of mind of some person unknown, in relation

to his expectation of the occurrence or failure of an undecided event. In all of them, the view entertained obviously depends on previous experience under similar circumstances. There are few who have not suffered from the unpunctuality of trains. We therefore think it 'likely'—that is, like what we have already known to happen—that trains will be behind time in the future. Our estimate of 'likelihood' or the reverse depends in all cases on a supposition that the like of what has happened already will happen again. The perpetual recurrence of summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, day and night, from year to year is with most of us the real source of belief in the 'likelihood' that while the earth remains they shall not fail.* Thus it happens that in business, in politics, and in war alike, he who has most knowledge of the past and most observation of the present, is also most capable of 'calculating the chances' of the future. Thus, too, it happens that in regard to many of those events which are absolutely uncertain in any one particular case—such as the time of death or the amount of loss from fire or storm—a very large amount of information as to their average occurrence in the future can be derived from a careful examination of the past.

We see from the above graduated series of assertions, that expectation of any future event may vary from positive certainty that it will not happen, to an equal certainty that it will. The estimate of the probability of its happening may be greater or may be less; and therefore, like all things which are susceptible of being considered as greater or less in quantity, must be also susceptible of being estimated numerically. It must, for instance, be a reasonable thing to say that we expect some one event twice as much as we expect some other. The expectation of future events, in themselves uncertain, is thus brought within the domain of mathematical science, and the application of mathematics to the theory of probabilities is one of the most interesting, and certainly not one of the least important of the subjects which lie before a scientific student. The general principles on which the theory is based can be made intelligible without the use of any technicalities beyond those of ordinary arithmetic; and some of its applications are sufficiently interesting and important to claim the attention of our readers.

The numerical measure of the expectation which a person, thoroughly well informed as to the circumstances, entertains of a given future event is called 'the chance' of that event. We must stop for a moment to consider a point which is a necessary preliminary to the numerical measurement of any kind of quantity, namely, the unit in terms of which it is to be expressed. When a lady, for instance, asks for three yards of ribbon at a shop, the number *three* simply means that the quantity required is to be three times a particular length with which the lady and the shopman are both well acquainted, and which is called a yard. So, in estimating by number 'the chance' of a certain event, we shall have to speak of it as being so many times, or such a fraction of, some quantity of the same kind—that is, some 'chance' which is already well known and definite. The particular 'chance'

which is always taken as unit is that amount of expectation which may be called moral certainty, as, for instance, the expectation that the sun will rise to-morrow. Any other amount of expectation is estimated by the fraction of moral certainty involved in it.

A simple instance in which the numerical measure of a chance is easily ascertainable will make the general principle clearer. Suppose a penny to be tossed into the air and allowed to fall on the ground. It must fall either with the face—popularly known as 'head'—uppermost, or with that called 'tail.' If the coin be perfectly true and fairly tossed, we expect one of these to happen, just as much as, and no more than, we expect the other. The 'chances' of the two events are therefore equal. One or other of them must happen; the sum of their chances is therefore certainty, and the chance of either happening must be one-half of certainty. The unit 'certainty' being understood, the chance of 'head' falling uppermost is thus numerically represented by $\frac{1}{2}$. Similar considerations show that if an ordinary six-faced die be thrown up, the chance of its falling with any one particular number uppermost is represented by the fraction $\frac{1}{6}$, it being equally likely that any one face should be uppermost, and the sum of the chances of all the faces being obviously certainty.

In many cases, much more complicated than the preceding, it is possible to calculate the chances, if not with perfect theoretical accuracy, yet with sufficient approach to it for practical purposes. The chance of a person of a given age living for another year is computed by comparing a large quantity of observations of the mortality of persons under similar circumstances in the past. The chance of a house being burned down can be found from statistics of the number of similar houses annually destroyed by fire; and so on. We may take it for granted that in all cases in which there is sufficient inducement to undertake the calculation, the chance of any event can be, at least approximately, numerically investigated.

The chance of what we may call a compound event—that is, of the concurrence of two independent events—can be determined in terms of those of the independent events. Suppose, for instance, that two persons simultaneously toss up, the one a penny, and the other a six-faced die. Twelve different relationships of penny and die to each other, may happen. The 'head' may be uppermost on the penny along with the one, two, three, four, five, or six on the die; or the 'tail' may be uppermost along with any one of the same numbers. All these events, as far as we know, are equally likely. The chance of any one of them, as, for instance, 'head' and 'one' being both uppermost, is therefore, as before, one-twelfth of certainty, and is numerically represented by $\frac{1}{12}$. The separate chance for 'head' being uppermost is $\frac{1}{2}$, and that for 'one' is $\frac{1}{6}$. Now $\frac{1}{12}$ is $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{6}$. Here we see that the numerical measure of the chance of two independent events both happening, is simply the product of the numerical measures of the separate chances of those events; and this rule applies universally. In this way, the chances of very complicated combinations of circumstances can be calculated,

provided we can first ascertain the chances of the single circumstances separately.

It may have occurred to the reader that, granting all that has been said, the statement, that the measure of a certain chance is $\frac{1}{2}$, is a very unimportant one, and that no practical useful inference can be deduced from it. It is true that, as regards any isolated fact of the kind referred to, this objection may hold; but when we come to deal with a large number of similar facts, we are able to deduce a very important practical inference from the numerical measure—namely, that the frequency of the occurrence of any event is directly proportional to the chance of the event happening, and becomes more and more accurately so, as the number of cases considered is increased. For instance, the statement that when a coin is tossed up in the air, the chance of 'head' turning up is $\frac{1}{2}$, gives us very little information of value as to what will happen at the very next toss of the penny. The real inference to be made is, that if the penny be thrown up a very great number of times, 'head' will be uppermost in nearly half the throws; and further, that this is more and more nearly exactly the case, the larger the number of experiments. Of course, this, like all other cases of 'likelihood,' reduces itself to a question of experience. In a small way, any one on a leisure afternoon can verify it for himself by actually tossing a penny several hundreds of times and marking the results. On a much larger scale it is verified by the continued existence and prosperity of the Life Assurance Companies, the whole of whose capital and income depends on the truth of the principle, that in the long-run, events do happen in proportion to the numerical measures of their chances; those chances being calculated by observation of past events of a like kind. If any one will take the trouble to examine the 'tables' of the long-established and respectable Insurance Companies, and see how enormous a sum of money is invested and profitably employed in confidence in this principle, he will not hesitate to allow that for practical purposes we can wish for no more convincing demonstration of its truth.

We are all familiar with the fact, that some prospective advantage which we have a chance of obtaining may have a very tangible value at the time, even though we are by no means certain that the reality will ever come to us. A school-boy often finds that his position among his school-fellows is temporarily raised when a rumour is spread that a rich relative, who will probably give him a guinea or some still more munificent 'tip,' is about to visit the school. The phenomenon of persons in actual comparative poverty being received into society and successfully exacting deference, on the strength of expectations from wealthy and aged relatives, is not a rare one. In all such cases there is a real value attached to the expectation of some day possessing money which may yet never come to the expectant; but the magnitude of this value is apparently a very indeterminate quantity. In this problem, too, the theory of chances comes to the rescue, and asserts that the value of the expectation of a sum of money is to be measured by the value of the sum of money multiplied by the chance of getting it.

A simple example will again be the best method of making this clear. An enterprising tradesman, not too particular as to high morality, wishes to get rid of some article of which the value is twenty pounds. He proposes to do this by means of a raffle with twenty tickets. Each buyer of a ticket has a chance of getting the whole; and as there are twenty of them, and all have an equal chance, the numerical measure of the chance of each must be one-twentieth. It is further evident, that if one person were to buy all the tickets, he ought to pay twenty pounds for them; and therefore, supposing the tickets separated, the value of each must be one pound. This is obviously the lowest price which the tradesman can charge without certainty of loss. The value of each man's expectation of the prize of twenty pounds is therefore one pound—that is, one-twentieth of twenty pounds. In other words, the value of the expectation of the prize is obtained by multiplying the value of the prize by the chance of getting it.

This we may call the mathematical value of expectation. It is the price which a person of unlimited wealth might safely pay with a tolerable assurance that if he repeated the process a great number of times, he would not be much a gainer or a loser in the long-run. It forms the basis of the price which an Assurance Company will take to guarantee the payment of a sum on the death of the assured, or an annuity during his lifetime. The moral value of the expectation—that is, the price which a person of limited means might fairly pay without prospect of serious loss—we shall consider presently. We may, however, be quite sure, to begin with, that it will not be greater than the mathematical value.

It has been a favourite delusion that fortunes may surely be won by perseverance in the purchase of tickets in lotteries under government or other influential management. It has been an equally persistent and better-founded opinion on the part of governments more anxious to raise money than to promote the moral well-being of their subjects, that these same lotteries are capable of being a source of considerable gain to their promoters. These views cannot both be sound; for a lottery creates no wealth, only alters its distribution. It is worth while to apply the preceding principles to examine which is the sounder idea of the two.

Let us suppose a series of lotteries independent of each other in each of which there is a single prize of twenty pounds, and for each of which there are twenty tickets. A man taking a ticket in one of these, and paying one pound for it, has a chance, measured by the fraction one-twentieth, of winning the corresponding prize. In accordance with the principle laid down already, that events happen in proportion to their mathematical chances, he will therefore, if he repeats the experiment frequently, win the prize in about one out of every twenty lotteries in which he engages. He will thus on the average receive back one sum of twenty pounds for every twenty separate pounds that he pays. Of course he may win the prize the first time; and if he stop then, he will leave off richer than he began; but all experience shows, first, that it is very unlikely that the prize will fall to him in this easy way; and secondly, that if it do so fall, it is all but

certain that this first success, as shall be seen presently, will lure him to go on until he loses both what has been gained and his original capital too. The possibility of what we have called 'the best prospect' depends on the assumption, that he continues to buy tickets under all circumstances; though it must be borne in mind that he may be unable to do this, if, owing to a run of ill-luck, his funds are exhausted. This is a very serious contingency, and one sure to arise if the gambler continue long enough at his pursuit.

By the methods previously hinted at, it is possible to calculate the chance that in any game or series of lotteries whose laws are known, any given player shall within a certain number of times have either won or lost any sum of money whatever. It is found by such calculations, that if a player keep on long enough, and the stake played for be any sensible portion of his means, it is a moral certainty that at some time or other he will have gained a sum equal to his original capital; and an equal certainty that at some other times he will have lost the same amount or more. The difference between these two events is this, that whereas the large gain all but certainly only serves, as we have already remarked, to stimulate his gambling ardour, the latter event stops his further progress; and he is thus unable to take advantage of that long-run which might chance to restore him to his former state; hence, in a word, he is ruined. The mathematical value of the expectation of a prize is therefore more than an individual of limited means can afford to pay, because the continued disbursements will almost certainly ruin him.

This same price is, however, less than the promoter of the lottery or the proprietor of the gambling-table can afford to take. If, for instance, in the lottery with one prize of twenty pounds, the twenty tickets were sold for a pound apiece, there would be no gain to the promoter; and as such lotteries are always arranged in order to give profits for some purpose, it follows that the tickets must be sold at more and probably much more than their mathematical value. In the case of the proprietor of the gambling-table who does not merely undertake to distribute a certain sum in prizes, but offers to give a prize whenever certain conditions are fulfilled by a rolling ball, a thrown-up die, or other similar apparatus, another consideration comes in. The table may have a run of ill-luck as well as the player, and may be even temporarily 'broken' by some lucky player; in accordance with previous statements, it must have such occasional runs if the play be continued. Calculation, however, proves that it is absolutely necessary for the proprietor to make each player pay some definite proportion more than the mathematical value of the throw, in order to secure ultimate gain to the proprietor. As a matter of fact, all gambling-tables, as well as all government lotteries, do avowedly charge much more than the mathematical expectation; and thus the prospect before the *habitual* player is an adverse one.

To return to our lottery with twenty tickets and one prize of twenty pounds. Practically, a ticket would be sold for more than a pound, suppose we say for a guinea. On an average, a purchaser wins once in every twenty attempts.

He thus pays on an average twenty guineas for every twenty pounds he wins, and is assured of ruin by the mere effects of perseverance, even without the occurrence of any serious run of ill-luck, such as was necessary on our former supposition.

BENJAMIN BLUNT, MARINER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

MR BENJAMIN BLUNT, accompanied by Phil Gaylor, had not left the house more than three or four minutes, when the bedroom door opened, and Lady Janet Trevor issued forth. She was a woman of four or five and twenty summers, tall and fair, with a sort of sweet stateliness about her which was part of Nature's dower, and would have been equally hers had she been the daughter of a peasant. Her long fair hair was unbound, and fell below her waist, confined only by a single ribbon. Her face was paler than usual this morning; and her eyes, of a blue as tender as the blue of April skies, and fringed with long dark lashes, were anxious and troubled. She was simply dressed in a robe of thick blue serge—Ruth had washed some of the sea-water out of it, and had dried it before the fire in the middle of the night; but Lady Janet did not know that—and had a soft, white, fleecy shawl of Ruth's knitting thrown loosely round her shoulders. As she came slowly forward, Ruth thought that in all her life she had never seen so lovely a vision. 'How plain and mean I must look by the side of her!' said the girl to herself with a little feminine pang. But she didn't. In her own way and in her own place, Ruth was as natural and charming as Lady Janet was in hers; but then Ruth did not know it.

'My husband—Sir Harry Trevor—is he—is he?— You told me last night that he was safe, or did I only dream it?' One hand was pressed to her heart, the other grasped the back of a chair. Her blue eyes were fixed on Ruth with a pathetic wistfulness that touched the other to the quick.

'He is quite safe, my lady.'

'Thank heaven for that! I ask nothing more than that.' Her voice was low, soft, and musical, with the clear intonation of a bell.

'He was taken from the boat to the hotel,' said Ruth. 'My Phil saw him there only half an hour ago.'

'I must go to him at once! I long so much to see him.'

'He told my Phil that he would be up here in an hour's time. Had not your Ladyship better wait till he comes?' Ruth wisely refrained from saying anything about the crushed arm or the doctor's orders.

'Perhaps you are right,' replied Lady Janet. 'But you don't know how impatient I am to see him.'

Ruth placed a chair for her, and she sat down. 'Your Ladyship will have some breakfast?'

'Just a cup of tea, please; nothing more.— That terrible scene last night!' she said with a shudder. 'If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget it.'

There was silence for a minute or two. Lady

Janet sat gazing into the fire, living over again in memory the events of the previous night. Then suddenly turning to Ruth, she said: 'It was my fault that we so nearly lost our lives last night. We had been travelling in Norway, my husband and I. When we got back to Christiania, we intended coming home by the ordinary steamer; but a friend of Sir Harry, a merchant out there, offered us a passage in his schooner, *The Firefly*, saying that she had plenty of cabin accommodation, that there would only be one passenger beside ourselves, and that a voyage by her would be a change from the monotony of a steamer. My husband was doubtful about accepting the offer; and it was only in consequence of my persuasion that he at length agreed to it. If we had only gone by the steamer, as he wished! But one can never foresee what will happen.'

At this juncture Ruth bethought herself of the locket and chain, and was crossing towards the chimney-piece to get them, when Lady Janet's next words arrested her. 'It is very thoughtless of me,' she said, 'but for the moment I really forgot to ask you what became of the captain and the poor sailors whom we left on board.'

'They were rescued by the lifeboat from Redcliffe, four miles away. As soon as my father found the schooner was in danger, he sent a messenger on horseback to the lifeboat station; but he was so afraid the schooner would break up before help could reach her, that he made up his mind to try what he could do with his own little boat.'

'God bless him for it!' ejaculated Lady Janet fervently.

Ruth took down the locket and chain and offered them to Lady Janet. 'These were found by my Phil this morning in the boat. I presume they belong to your Ladyship?'

'Yes; they are mine,' was the eager reply, as Ruth placed them in her hands. 'Thank you so very much. This locket contains a likeness of my grandmother—the only relic of her that I have. I would not have lost it for a great deal.' Perceiving that the chain was broken, she placed the trinkets on the table at her elbow. 'But your mother—shall I not see her before long?' she said to Ruth.

'I have no mother. Both my father and mother were drowned at sea.'

'I am so grieved if I have said anything to pain you! But that brave old man to whom my husband and I owe our lives—surely I heard you call him "father" last night?'

'I am only his adopted child. He saved my life seventeen years ago, as he saved your Ladyship's last night. My father and mother were both lost. Nobody knew anything about me, only that my name was Ruth Mayfield. They said I must go to the workhouse. But Benjamin Blunt was there, listening to it all. "I saved the child's life," he said; "and if nobody else owns her, she belongs to me. I've got neither wife nor child of my own. She shall come and live with me, and be my daughter." And here I've been ever since.'

'A romance of real life. And I've no doubt Mr Blunt loves you as well as if you were his own child?'

'That I'm sure he does. And as for me—it

isn't in human nature to love him better than I do.'

'My husband and I owe our lives to him. How shall we thank him sufficiently? What can we do to repay him? Tell me, Ruth—you will let me call you Ruth, won't you?'

'Nobody ever calls me anything else.'

'You must tell me, Ruth, before Mr Blunt comes in, in what way we can best show our gratitude. Sir Harry is rich and has influence in many ways.'

'Your Ladyship must excuse my saying so; but I don't think you can do anything for father. He does not want for money. This cottage is his own property, and he has saved something besides for a rainy-day.'

'Surely there must be some way of recompensing him, though only in part, for the great debt we owe him.'

'There's a poor widow in the village, Mrs Riley by name, whose husband was killed the other day, leaving her with several young children. If your Ladyship could do anything to help them, that would please my father best of all.'

'I will speak about it at once to my husband. But I am anxious to do something for Mr Blunt himself; or if not for him, then for you.'

Ruth shook her head gently but gravely. 'I don't think there's anything your Ladyship could do for us—unless you were to send us your likeness as a keepsake. Both father and I would be very proud of that.—But here comes father himself,' added the girl, with a glance through the window. 'Perhaps your Ladyship will talk to him.'

A moment later, the front-door was opened, and Blunt came slowly in, supporting on his arm a very old, old man, as dried up and withered as a Normandy pippin. He wore a deep crape band on his hat, a broad-skirted coat of coarse blue cloth, and knee-breeches; thick gray home-knit stockings kept warm his poor thin shanks. His eyes had the intelligence and vivacity of a far younger man, and his snow-white hair was still plentiful.

Lady Janet rose and stood back a little, while the two men slowly crossed the floor. Not a word was spoken till the old gentleman was safely deposited in Ben's own armchair in the chimney corner. Ruth took advantage of the diversion to retire into the back premises on domestic thoughts intent.

'Mr Blunt, I believe?' said Lady Janet as Benjamin turned and faced his guest.

'Old Ben Blunt, at your Ladyship's service; and with that he took off his hat and made a low old-fashioned bow.

Lady Janet advanced a step or two and held out her hand. 'How can I thank you, Mr Blunt—how show my gratitude sufficiently for the great service you have done my husband and me?'

Ben gazed on the white slender hand for a moment; then, after giving his own brown hand a furtive rub with the tail of his coat, he took hold of it gently, almost reverently; but Lady Janet's fingers closed warmly on his as her eyes filled with tears.

'That pays for everything,' said Ben huskily. 'Bless your pretty face, I should like to see the man as wouldn't go through fire and water,

rather than a hair of your head should be hurt!'

'All men are not such heroes as you, Mr Blunt.'

'Me a hero! I hardly know what the word means. I'm only a simple ignorant old fellow, who tries to do his duty according to the light that's given him.' Then seeming to think that enough had been said on so trivial a subject as himself, he stepped back a pace or two, and pointing to the old gentleman in the armchair, he said: 'Will your Ladyship allow me to introduce to your notice Jim Riley's father? Jim himself was run over six weeks ago and was killed. To-day is grandad's birthday. He was ninety-five at twenty minutes past six this morning, and we're all very proud of him. They can't show such another old man for twenty miles round. By-and-by, he and I are going to have a drop of something hot and a pipe o' baccy.' Then turning to the old fellow and elevating his voice a little, he added: 'We always do have a drop of something hot on your birthday; don't we, grandad?'

'Ay, ay, lad, that we do,' responded Riley in the thin piping tones of extreme old age. 'We've done it for twenty years, and we're not going to give up a good old custom at our time o' life.'

Lady Janet crossed over and shook hands with the veteran. 'I am charmed to make your acquaintance, Mr Riley,' she said; 'and I hope with all my heart that you will live to enjoy many more anniversaries of this day.'

'Thank 'ee, mum, thank 'ee. It's ninety-five years this very day since I came into the world; but I'm here yet—I'm here yet.'

'And likely to be for another twenty years,' remarked Ben in his cheeriest voice. Then turning to Lady Janet, he added: 'Will your Ladyship excuse me for a minute while I take off my Sunday collar? I don't seem to talk easy in it. Not but what this sort of collar has its advantages. Nobody can say as it isn't respectable; and when it's got up stiff and proper, I'll defy anybody to go to sleep in church who's got it on.' And with that, exit Ben into his bedroom.

Lady Janet drew up the three-legged stool and sat down near the old man. 'So you and Mr Blunt have known each other for twenty years?' she said.

'Yes, mum, for twenty years—ever since he came to this village. He's a little chap, and there ain't much of him; but he's got the heart of a lion. He's like Admiral Lord Nelson—he don't know what fear is.'

'You have had a great misfortune lately, Mr Riley.'

'Meaning in the death of my boy. Yes, mum; it will be six weeks come next Tuesday since he was run over and killed. But, somehow, I don't seem to fret much after him. Maybe I'm too old to fret. I know I can't be long after Jim; and somehow it don't seem quite so lonesome for me to look forward to now. I know he's there awaiting for me; and when I sit in the porch and watch the sun going down yonder in the west, it seems to me that Jim and I can't be far away from one another.'

Lady Janet took out her tablets and made a

note or two. 'I must get Harry to do something for these poor people,' she said to herself.

The old man had risen to his feet and was fumbling nervously in the capacious pockets of his coat.

'Have you lost anything, Mr Riley? Can I assist you in any way?' asked Lady Janet.

'I was just trying to see what I've got in my pockets. Everybody in the village knows it's my birthday. As I came down the street just now, little toddling lads and lasses came out of the cottages and wished me "Many happy returns." And some of them—Heaven bless them!—dropped little things into my pocket—toys and what not—all they had to give—because it was old grandad's birthday. Here's a pegtop. Little Billy Johnson gave me that. Ah! I shall never spin pegtops again in this world. This doll is Peggy Dawson's. The poor thing wants dressing. And here's a paper of sweet-stuff and a farthing. And this is Jacky Taylor's big alley taw. I shall keep them for a day or two, and then give them all back again.'

At this moment Mr Blunt re-entered the room. He had got rid of the famous collar, and was his own free-and-easy self again. 'Would your Ladyship like a little rum in your tea?' he asked.

'No, thank you, Mr Blunt.'

'Many ladies like a drop in their tea. I thought that maybe it was fashionable to drink 'em together.'

'When you were at the hotel just now, Mr Blunt, did you see my husband, Sir Harry Trevor?'

'I didn't see him; but our Phil did. He sent word that he would be up here in about half an hour's time.'

'Oh, Mr Blunt, if Sir Harry and I could only show our gratitude in some way!'

'Your Ladyship couldn't show it better than by eating a good breakfast and bringing back the roses to your pretty cheeks. We've a nice lump of cold beef in the cupboard. I can't think why Ruth didn't bring it out. And if Sir Harry and you would only stop to dinner, Ruth should make one of her potato pies. You would say it was grand. I'll back our Ruth against anybody for potato pies and pancakes.'

'I must hear what my husband has to say,' answered Lady Janet with a smile. She was putting down her cup and saucer, when her elbow accidentally swept the chain and locket off the table. Ben stooped and picked them up.

The lady opened the locket and handed it to Mr Blunt. 'That is the portrait of my grandmother, taken when she was eighteen. Tell me, Mr Blunt, whether you think it in any way resembles me?'

The old fisherman's eyesight was no longer so strong as it had once been. He took the portrait to the window, that he might have a better view of it. 'This her grandmother!' he muttered under his breath, while all the colour died out of his face. 'Why, it is the very face of my own lost darling! The name, too—Janet! No, no; such a thing is not possible!'

'By your silence, Mr Blunt, I suppose you cannot detect any likeness?'

Ben came back from the window, and standing close in front of Lady Janet, he scanned the sweet, smiling face before him closely. 'There is a

likeness, Lady Trevor, a very wonderful likeness,' he said with a strange quaver in his voice. 'You—you say that this is the portrait of your grandmother?'

'Yes—of my grandmother, who died many years before I was born.'

'Ah!' He restored the locket to her. Then resting his hands on the oaken table and with his eyes fixed earnestly on her, he said: 'Lady Janet Trevor, don't think me mad, don't think me impertinent to ask such a question—but what was your name before you were married?'

'Janet Redfern.'

He sank into a chair and hid his face with his hands. 'Her mother's name before she married me!' he murmured. 'It is she—my own darling—the angel whom I thought never to see on earth again! And it was I who saved her life! O heaven! I thank thee for this.'

Lady Janet had risen to her feet, and was gazing at him with anxious wistful eyes. 'You are agitated—you are ill. What can I do for you? Shall I procure help?'

'No, no; it is nothing. I'll be better presently.' He rose and crossed to the window, and stood gazing out with his back to the room. Lady Janet watched him wonderingly. What could have moved the stout-hearted old fisherman so strangely?

Ben was communing with himself. 'The same hair and eyes—the very same. I carried her in my arms last night from the boat, and never knew that it was my own child! But I must remember my promise. Yes, yes; that must not be forgotten.'

SOMETHING ABOUT PAPER.

It has been proposed to call the present the 'age of paper;' and when we consider the amount of this material—which is being continually produced from rags, straw, wood, jute, rice, &c., the name would seem appropriate enough. There are said to be nearly four thousand manufactories of paper distributed over the globe. These produce, it is calculated, some eighteen hundred million pounds-weight per year. Half of this quantity is employed for printing purposes, a sixth for writing purposes, and the remainder for various uses. The paper used for newspapers alone represents, it is said, a surface exactly double that of Paris within its present limits. Since the diminution of the tax and other causes, we are told that more than five hundred new periodicals started in France in 1881.

The paper-manufactories of the world employ, it is stated, ninety thousand men, and one hundred and eighty thousand women; and besides these, one hundred thousand persons are engaged in collecting rags. The importation of esparto grass from Algeria for paper-making purposes has reached vast proportions. It has been pointed out that should war in that country very much reduce the supply, manufacturers might experience great difficulty in finding a substitute. Even if they found one, it might be of a kind requiring expensive changes in their machinery.

We are reminded that some years ago samples of a material, the supply of which would at least equal the esparto supply, were shown to paper-makers; but though they were satisfied with its suitability in every respect but one, they could not adopt it, because that one defect was that their machinery was not adapted to its manufacture.

China and Japan are, as is well known, great producers of paper made from rice. How paper is there utilised, we have an example from the experience of the clever authoress of *A Voyage in the Sunbeam*. The Japanese are described carrying paper umbrellas and the 'jinrikishas' wearing large hats and cloaks either of reeds or oiled paper, besides oiled paper hoods and aprons as a protection from the rain.' These ingenious people are said to employ paper instead of india-rubber making air-cushions. Paper cushions roll up smaller than india-rubber ones; they do not stick together after being wetted; and having no odour, they are more agreeable for pillows than those of caoutchouc fabric. Their strength is marvellous, considering the apparent frailty of the material out of which they are made; a man weighing one hundred and sixty pounds may stand on one without bursting it. They are said to be waterproof too, and to make good life-preservers. The Japanese are, it seems, as clever in the manufacture of the tougher sorts of paper as the finer. One of their latest achievements in this line, we are told, is the production of a paper belt suitable for driving machinery. Now that European machines are being adopted in that country, this invention will prove exceedingly useful; for the Japanese are inferior tanners, and do not make good leather.

Though paper is not utilised in Britain quite in the same way as it is amongst the Japanese, recent Exhibitions have shown what an important part this material can play in the furnishing and decoration of our houses. A mode of hanging paper on damp walls, not long since patented in Germany, may here be mentioned. Lining-paper coated on one side with a solution of shellac in spirit of somewhat greater consistency than ordinary French-polish, is hung with the side thus treated towards the damp wall. The paper-hanging is then proceeded with in the usual way with paste. Any other kind of resin easily soluble in spirit may be used instead of shellac. A layer of paper thus saturated with resin is said to be equally effectual in preventing the penetration of damp. It is not stated how long lining-paper in the manner described will adhere to a damp wall; but the experiment in our damp climate is worth trying. Another authority informs us that a strong impervious parchment-paper is obtained by thoroughly washing woollen or cotton fabrics so as to remove gum, starch, and other foreign bodies, then to immerse them in a bath containing a small quantity of paper pulp. The latter is made to penetrate the fabric by being passed between rollers. Thus prepared, it is afterwards dipped into sulphuric acid of suitable concentration, and then repeatedly washed in a bath of aqueous ammonia until every trace of acid has been removed. Finally, it is pressed between rollers, to remove the excess of liquid, dried between two other rollers which are covered with felt, and lastly calendered.

Two new kinds of preservatives of paper have

lately come into commerce. One is said to be produced by dipping soft paper in a bath of salicylic acid and then drying. The bath is prepared by mixing a strong solution of the acid in alcohol with much water. The paper is used for covering apples, &c. The other paper, meant to preserve from moths and mildew, consists of so-called Manila packing-paper dipped in a bath and dried over heated rollers. The bath is formed of seventy parts spirit of tar, five parts raw carbolic acid—containing about a half of phenol—twenty parts of coal-tar at one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and five parts refined petroleum.

A method of utilising old newspapers has, we are told, been discovered by M. Jouglet. He asserts that he can so cleanse printed paper as to make it suitable for receiving a fresh impression. He says that by immersing the printed sheet in a slight alkaline solution, the ink disappears, and leaves the sheet of a pure spotless white.

A French newspaper tells us that a chemist has succeeded in tinning linen, cotton, or paper fabrics by the following process. Mix a pound of zinc-powder with a solution of albumen, then spread the mixture on the stuff by means of a brush. After drying, the layer is fixed by passing the cloth or paper through dry steam, in order to coagulate the albumen. The stuff or paper is then passed through a solution of chloride of tin. The metallic tin is reduced to an extremely thin coating on the zinc. The material thus prepared is then washed, dried, and rolled.

We learn from another source, that for the production of marble or wood paper, in which the various tones of colour are not limited by sharp lines, but pass so softly into one another that the boundaries are not recognised, Herr Gmeiner, of Dresden, uses engraved rollers made of caoutchouc or other elastic material, instead of metallic ones. Their diameter is determined by blowing in air. Hard vulcanised caoutchouc is unsuitable for the purpose. The rollers have wooden discs at the ends, over the edges of which the caoutchouc is turned, and fixed with glue and wire, so as to make the rollers air-tight. A hollow axis enters one side, and through this the air can be blown.

The use of paper railway-wheels has before been referred to in this *Journal*. We now learn that wheels of this description are becoming every day more general in American railways, and that they are now being tried in Europe. In the first ten months of last year we are told that one firm alone turned out considerably over seven thousand of these wheels, which are stated on good authority to be the most economical as well as the only safe kind of wheels for passenger-carriages. It appears that in the first instance they are much more costly than iron wheels, but that they last far longer.

To the wonders already achieved by *papier-mâché* is now added the invention of a novel fire-escape. This latest invention for the protection of theatre audiences is a 'penetrable safety-wall,' which has been patented by an engineer in Germany. The plan is to make the interior of walls in all parts of the theatre of *papier-mâché*, made after a certain method. Such a wall would have the appearance of massive stone; but by pressure upon certain parts, where the words are

to be painted in luminous letters—'To be broken open in case of fire'—access to the exterior corridors is to be obtained, when escape to the outside air can be made.

ECCENTRIC PHRASEOLOGY.

SOME writer has affirmed that the English language has a power of expression such as is not equalled in any other language. We shall take advantage of this declaration—from a humorous point of view—and endeavour to verify the truth of this observation by the introduction of a few examples.

A gentleman saying to a lady in conversation, 'You know, madam, that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' was met with the reply: 'O good gracious, sir, if you will persist in using such an odious specimen of vulgarity again, pray, clothe it in more pleasing phraseology. Just say it is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary silken receptacle from the auricular organ of the softer sex of the genus swine.'

We evidently live in wonderfully refined times. For instance, a learned young lady one evening astonished a company by asking for the loan of 'a diminutive argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.' She wanted a thimble.

'He goes on his own hook,' has been rendered more elegantly, in deference to and in accordance with the spirit of the times, in this manner: 'He progresses on his own personal curve;' and a barber in London advertises that 'his customers are shaved without incision or laceration for the microscopic sum of one halfpenny.' 'One might have heard a pin fall,' is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, 'You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket-handkerchief;' and as it is somewhat vulgar to say 'pitch-darkness,' it has been so improved as to read 'bituminous obscurity.' Another polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy, is to say he is 'constitutionally tired;' and 'Nominate your poison,' is the poetical way of asking, 'What will you drink?'

On one occasion, we are told, a doctor of divinity rung the changes on 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' 'He that is accessible to auricular vibration,' said the doctor, 'let him not close the gates of his tympana.' Then again we have that old-fashioned saying, 'The more the merrier,' delightfully translated in this way, 'Multitudinous assemblages are the most provocative of cachinnatory hilarity.' It is even reported that not very long ago a clergyman spoke of seeing a young lady 'with the pearl-drops of affection hanging and glistening on her cheek.' He meant that she was crying. Certain critics, too, occasionally launch out in a similar metaphorical style. Concerning a young and aspiring orator, one wrote: 'He broke the ice felicitously, and was immediately drowned with applause.'

Quite recently, a literary man of some celebrity, in a letter describing the early fall of snow in Switzerland, did not say the storm abated, but 'the flakes dwindled to flocculi!' and instead of vulgarly putting it that they melted a potful of snow to obtain water, he said that firewood was

'expended in rendering its own heat latent in the indispensable fluid.' Equally as good was that which relates to a certain eminent Professor, who observed that very wonderful things were occasionally discovered nowadays. He had found out lately that 'Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eyeballs, is an epileptiform affection of the cerebellular oculomotorial centres;' and he added: 'Don't forget in future what sort of a thing a "nystagmus" is.'

'You have mentioned several times during the evening,' observed one of the audience to a lecturer, 'the word "periphrasis;" would you kindly inform me of its precise meaning?'—'Certainly,' said he. 'It is simply a circumlocutory and plenastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity.' As this explanation was received in solemn silence, we trust it was deemed a satisfactory one. It is, however, recorded that the gifted orator was not called upon again to explain for the rest of the evening.

Public speakers no doubt have much to contend with, or what could have induced a leading lecturer to classify his audience thus: The 'fidgetytes,' the 'interruptives,' the 'all-attentives,' the 'quick-responses,' the 'hard-to-lifts,' the 'won't-applauds,' and the 'get-up-and-go-outs.' This, by the way, is somewhat on a par with what reaches us from Chicago, where the young men are said to be known, according to their skill as velocipedists, by such names as the 'timid-toddlers,' the 'wary-warblers,' the 'go-it-gracefuls,' and the 'fancy-few.' In fact, from this particular quarter of the globe we are furnished with some curious specimens of puzzling phraseology. It is said that when a Chicago girl quarrels with her lover, she communicates the important fact to her intimate friends in the remark that she 'isn't on squeezing terms with that fraudulent individual no more.' A functionary, too, of the same place has the following on his signboard: 'Letter-carrier by appointment, altisonant town-crier, primary envoy, external paper-hanger, renovator of faded habiliments, hair abbreviator, ambrosia dealer, adroit horse-trimmer, general agent, nightman, &c.' And in the same neighbourhood we are informed that an hotel-keeper writes his own bill of fare, thereby saving the cost of printing; it announces: 'Coffy, soupe, roste befe, fride am, boyled and bakt potaties, fride coul puddin, and mins py.'

There is decidedly something peculiar in these announcements, especially to us 'Britishers;' but probably nothing is further from the minds of the people themselves than the notion that there is anything about them funny, or even odd. A magistrate of these parts, for instance, would hardly express himself after this fashion. One was asked by an attorney upon some strange ruling, 'Is that law, your Honour?' He replied: 'If the court understand herself, and she think she do, it are!' On the other hand, London possesses a phraseology of its own, and is at times rather amusing than otherwise. Two pedestrians were recently accosted in terms the most magniloquent by a street-beggar: 'Good gentlemen, will you kindly administer the balm of consolation to a wrecked and debilitated constitution?'

'Our 'buses,' said a conductor in answer to an inquiry made, 'runs a quarter arter, arf arter,

quarter to, and at!' A young man from the country, while exploring one of the quiet lanes in the City for a dinner, had his ears mysteriously saluted by a shrill voice from an eating-house, which uttered in rapid tones the following incomprehensible jargon: 'Biledamancapersors, Rosebeefrosegoos, Bilerabbitbileporkanonionors, Rosemuttonantaters, Biledamancabbagevegetables, walkinsirtakeasatsir!' It is said that the astonished countryman hastened his pace, in order to find a house where better English was spoken; and the probability is, had he ventured as far as the suburbs of the town, he would have been equally as bewildered. At a public garden in these same suburbs, a waiter during last summer observing some of his master's customers surreptitiously departing before the bill was paid, roared out to another attendant: 'Run run Joe there's a glass of brandy-and-water two teas a quart of shrimps and a screw of birdseye just bolted over the blessed fence! After 'em.'

'Give me a Queen's head,' meant murder in the reign of Henry VIII.; treason in that of Elizabeth or Anne; but in the present reign it means a postage-stamp. We buy drugs at a 'medical hall,' wines of a 'company,' and shoes at a 'mart.' Blacking is dispensed at an 'institution,' and meat from a 'purveyor.' Nowadays, the shops are 'warehouses,' 'establishments,' or 'bazaars.' Reporters are 'representatives,' preachers are 'ministers' or 'clergy,' workpeople are 'employees,' tea-meetings are 'soirées,' and singers are 'artistes.' Scholastic phraseology, too, is somewhat curious. Passing some north-country English villages, a person for amusement inquired of the school children, 'When you are naughty, what does the master do to you?' The following different answers were received at various places: 'He mills us; he crumps us; he raps us on the top o' the heud; he bastes us; he mumps us; he fettles us; he winds us.'—'Ah,' exclaimed the traveller, 'they express themselves differently; but doubtless it's all the same in the end!'

Travellers are, as a rule, of an inquiring mind, and not a few are facetiously disposed. One of this latter class alighting from his gig one evening at a country inn, was met by the hostler, whom he thus addressed: 'Young man, immediately extricate that tired quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote to him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment; and, when the aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable and obliging hospitality.' The youth, not understanding a single word of this, ran into the house, crying out: 'Master, come at once; here's a Dutchman wants to see you.'

And who would have thought that such a simple thing as this would have kept one awake half the night: 'Why some persons cannot sleep is, because there is an accumulation, mainly of carbonic acid, that accumulation being favoured and controlled by reflex action of the nervous system, which thus protects the organism from excessive oxidation, and allows the organism to manifest its normal functional activity throughout a rhythmic period.'

Sometimes, in ordinary conversation, we find people very apt to make use of a particular sentence, or a somewhat puzzling word even, with merely a vague idea of its proper meaning.

Take the following as an instance. A rich but ignorant lady, who was rather ambitious in her conversational style, in speaking of a friend, said: 'He is a *paragram* of politeness.'—'Excuse me,' said a wag sitting next to her, 'but do you not mean a *parallelogram*?—'Of course I do,' immediately replied the lady. 'How could I have made such a mistake!'

It is well, by the way, to bear in mind a celebrated maxim of Lord Chesterfield's, which runs thus: 'It is advisable, before you expatiate on any particular virtue, and give way to what your imagination may prompt you to say, to ascertain first whom you are speaking to.' The following will exemplify the necessity of this precaution. 'My dear boy,' said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, 'does your father design you to tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, the straight and narrow ways of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?'—'No, marm; dad says he's going to set me to work in the 'tater-field.'

Such prosaic conclusions must be very disheartening. They are, however, amusing, as another example will show. 'Behold, my adorable Angelina,' observed a poetical swain, 'how splendid, how magnificent, and how truly glorious, nature looks in her bloom! The trees are filled with blossoms, the air resounds with the melodious singing of birds, the very wood is dressed in its greenest of livery, and the gorgeous plain is carpeted with grass and innumerable flowers!'—'Yes, dear Charles, I was just thinking of the very same thing. These plants in particular that we see around us are dandelions; and when they are gathered and put into a saucepan with a piece of good fat pork, they make the most delicious greens in the world!'

If, however, we should desire to become better acquainted with a more exaggerated style, we shall find it to be most prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic. A more courteous method of inquiry to ascertain the truth can scarcely be conceived than that once taken by a barrister. In cross-examining a witness: 'Were you not, on the night on which you say you were robbed, in such a state of vinous excitement as to preclude the possibility of your comprehension of your situation with that accuracy and precision necessary to a proper delineation of the truth?' And again, a New York obituary goes thus: 'Another stalwart tree fell last evening in its autumn prime, in the person of Major Cullen, as unique and remarkable a character in his way as ever wrought out logarithmically, and emarginated from the rugged latitudinarianism of the frontier.'

A most fearful picture, at first sight, was that presented by a member of a debating society. 'Mr President,' said he, 'our country's fate looms darkling before us, without a star above the horizon on which the patriotic mariner can hang a scintillation of hope, but with ominous features of fast-coming doom, gloomy and rayless as the eyes of a tree-toad perched upon the topmost bough of a barren poplar, enveloped in an impenetrable fog.'

A more cheerful announcement was made by a Massachusetts mayor, who said in his annual message: 'As the eastern horizon of the present

is made glorious with the beaming rays of opportunity, so may the sunset hour of the future, by the refractive influences of faithful duty, greet us with its gorgeous panoply of prismatic light.'

An extract taken from a Louisville paper is a fine example of American laudation: 'When Miss Howson first appeared, her bright eyes and lovely face attracted everybody; but when her beautiful pearly teeth were disclosed, there came such a cataract of diamond-drops of melody, that the house seemed, as it were, deluged in a spray of harmony, equal to that which one might imagine would come from a Niagara composed of *Æolian harps*.'

Other descriptions of a like character are not always so flattering. Here we have what is called high-toned criticism in Pennsylvania. A contemporary, speaking of a songstress, says: 'She beats cats on high notes. There was no music or chest-tone in her voice, but it was about six octaves above the screech of a lost Indian, and would have thrown out of conceit with itself an enterprising railway whistle. The very chandelier would quiver, making every nervous man who sat immediately beneath, instinctively raise his hand to protect his scalp; these magnificent notes being followed up with a roar that would silence a bassoon.' And in an article upon the *aurora borealis*, a scientific gentleman in Illinois thus gives the origin of this celestial spectacle: 'When the molofygistic temperature of the horizon is such as to caloriceise the impurient indentation of the hemispheric analogy, the cohesion of the borax durbistus becomes surcharged with infinitesimals, which are thereby deprived of their fissual disquisitions. This effected, a rapid change is produced in the thorambumpter of the gyasticutis palerium, which causes a convacular in the hexagonal antipathies of the terrestrium aqua verusli. The clouds then become a mass of dedorumised specula of cermocular light'—All of which is doubtless clear to the reader.

As an example of meaningless phraseology, take the following anecdote of O'Connell. In addressing a jury, and having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, he stopped for a word, and then added, 'This naufrageous ruffian.' When afterwards asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said he 'thought it sounded well.' By this admission we are reminded of a certain critic who charged a flowery orator with using 'mixed metamorphosis;' and of an afflicted widower who recorded on the tombstone of his deceased wife that here lay the 'meretricious mother of fourteen children.'

THE APPROACHING CYCLING SEASON.

THERE are few persons who have not at some time in their lives experienced the feeling of impatience at being debarred by force of circumstances from indulging in some favourite amusement or recreation. On retrospection, former pleasures appear encircled by an enticing halo of enjoyment, and memory clothes the anticipated future in garments borrowed from the past. To those who are acquainted with members of that numerous body termed 'Cyclists,' the above

remarks will at once strike home; for in no other class of devotees to any particular recreation does the same amount of latent enthusiasm manifest itself. When winter approaches with its accompanying muddy roads and freshly-laid macadam, the steel steed is reluctantly consigned to some secure retreat, until the following season. The feeling of regret at so doing is to some extent mitigated by the wish to know what novelties and labour-saving inventions will be produced during the enforced cessation; for 'cycling' differs from most other sports in being comparatively new to the public and in constantly presenting fresh phases in all its details. Hence the Exhibitions held in the metropolis and the provinces have attracted many thousands of the curious and interested. The brains of inventors in all parts of the kingdom have been busily at work devising means whereby the maximum of speed may be obtained with the minimum of exertion, and some of the results have been, to say the least, surprising. The ingenious devices now exhibited will not in the future be confined solely to the mechanism for which they were primarily designed; the benefits accruing from them will inevitably attract the attention of engineers, and we may shortly expect to find them embodied in other machinery, stationary as well as locomotive.

There can be no question that 'cycling' is as yet in its infancy. Three or four seasons ago it received rebuffs from nearly all classes; then, as it grew in importance and its various merits became known, it was tolerated; finally it received support from many of its former detractors, and during the last season became in many parts the rage.

The eminent authority on hygiene, Dr Richardson, F.R.S., says: 'Tricycling for girls or young women is one of the most harmless of useful recreations, and is equally good for men and boys of all ages.' With regard to the 'very fat,' or persons inclined to become so, he specially points out that these are the persons above all others who feel the benefits of tricycling most. He concludes by saying: 'There is a real pleasure, when the roads are good, in skimming along on a bright day, that has to be experienced before it can be understood; and if the motion be carried out moderately, it is equally a pleasant surprise to feel how easy the travelling is, and how fast the ground seems to be traversed. Time passes quickly, and the eye collects all that is interesting without dwelling upon objects too long, as in walking; and without losing sight of them too rapidly, as in a railway carriage. The power of assimilating the scenery in this agreeable way is always healthy; it keeps the brain active, without wearying it on the one hand or confusing it on the other; and when the mind goes well, all goes well.'

The medical profession, as a rule, greatly recommend the exercise; and one practitioner in a southern English town, conscientiously places many of his patients upon tricycles, to the injury of his pocket, as he frankly confesses, by the loss of fees which would otherwise subsequently accrue.

At first, a lady was supposed to compromise her dignity sadly by propelling herself upon wheels; but familiarity has now entirely exploded the idea, and not only is no loss of dignity

involved, but the practice encouraged on almost every hand. Many ladies tricycled during the last year over five hundred miles; in some cases, in fact, the distance has reached the four figures, and this to the great benefit of both mind and body.

The auguries for the coming season are unusually brilliant. The great 'Touring Club' now extends its ramifications to nearly every part of the continent and America; it numbers in its ranks nearly seven thousand members, a goodly proportion being of the fair sex; and gentlemen are selected in all places of interest and importance to point out the 'lions' to the passing tourists. Local clubs show great vitality in deciding upon their future programmes; lady cyclists are engaged upon the all-absorbing topic of 'what to wear,' assisted in many instances by the advice of the 'Rational Dress Association;' while their male relatives attend Exhibitions and discuss with manufacturers concerning the machines they intend to bestride as soon as the weather permits. This selection is far from an easy task, as the advantages claimed for one class of machine appear in a variety of cases counterbalanced by different advantages in another. However, judging from the rapid sale and great demand at the present time, it would appear that the manufacturers have fairly succeeded in gratifying the particular hobbies and crotchets of the riders.

We may therefore safely predict a season of unusual activity in tricycling and bicycling. Should the weather prove propitious, not only will the main roads and pleasant bylanes of our mother-country witness the swiftly gliding wheels; but, imitating many adventurous predecessors, the quaint old buildings of continental towns will view tourists upon their steel steeds, seeking rest from mental toil, health for the body, recreation for the mind, and experiencing that keen delight and enticing excitement which only those who know can fully appreciate.

'THE LAND AFAR OFF.'

A LAND wherein bleak winter doth not reign,
But alway summer, sweet unto the core;
Where broken hearts are knit in love again,
And weary souls shall wander out no more;
Where bliss is greater for all woe before;
Where fair flowers blow, without earth's sad decay,
And friendship's happy voices, as of yore—
But tenfold dearer—ne'er again shall say
'Farewell'—but ever, 'Welcome to this shore!'
Or, 'Hail, tired pilgrims to this golden day.'
And, 'Come, ye blest, to joys which will not pass
away!'

A country in whose light our souls shall bask;
A goodly heritage—where all we sought
Of hope, and love, and every pleasant task
Shall centre gladly—far beyond all thought!
And He, the Lamb—Who from all evil bought
His chosen people—shall our eyes behold,
And graciously, as when on earth He taught,
His voice shall speak again—clear, as of old,
But with no ring of sorrow in its tone;
Glad presence, walking in the streets of gold!
A mighty King, with people all His own!

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